



# Tilted



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## Chapter 1 by Alice Marie Bride

Legends of might warriors, knights, noble thieves, unrighteous kings... odes and ballads, great poetry has been written to honor them all. But can their *true* story ever be told? Legends are often twisted in one way or another. Decades, centuries, millennia pass, and none of their stories are truly justified. 100 or so years later and what once was a righteous legend is tossed aside, viewed as a simple child's fable. We're here, to let these truths be known.

**We are the Bards of time.**

**We know their stories.**

Do with the knowledge what you will- ignore it, try and disprove it- try to claim that it's just another child's bedtime story. But we know the truth, and in the chapters herein, we will reveal their secrets to you. The true story of Robin Hood, is just one example. Was he really the noble thief that the story has made him out to be, or was he a petty stealer who did favours to only make more of those that he "served" go into deeper debt?

This is just the first story of many that will be stripped to it's bare truth, all of it's realities being laid for scrutiny.

**We are the Bards of time.**

**We know their stories.**

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You know the story of Robin Hood, the noble thief who stole from the rich to give to the poor.

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The man, master of disguise who won fair Maid Marian's heart in an archery tournament.

The man, clothed in Lincoln green, who led a merry band of outlaws in Sherwood Forest: Little John, Friar Tuck, Will Scarlet, to name just a few.

**We are the Bards of time.**

**We know their stories.**

Let us begin.

It is true the the Earl of Huntington camped in the woods with a band of men. It is true he was an archer, the best that the oldest widows in Nottinghamshire had ever seen. But it was also true that he was a cad, a gambler, and a cheat.

Robin was *not* a noble thief-- he was a thief that once was a noble. He was the Earl of Huntington from a very young age, his father died when he was fifteen of gout. Not old enough to defend his lands by himself, not young enough for his mother to hold the land until he came of age, he started spending the vast stores of wealth and trust that his father had cultivated.

He relished in excess. Fine clothes thrilled him. He loved to gamble. He craved and paid for pretty women from the village. He surrounded himself with his dearest friends as "advisers"-- a tall and terrifying warrior, a friar who gambled with his abbey's coffers, and a man who owned and operated one of Robin's favorite houses of ill repute.

And the more he spent, the more Robin risked and lost, the more his mother became ill and withered. She was rarely seen outside the castle, though she had loved to go out and tend the orchards full of apples on the estate.

Once his mother died, his serfs ran him and his infamous band out of the castle. These serfs took over and sought to return the estate to profitability, while the miserable Robin and his crew roughed their nights out in the woods.

The leader of the uprising of the serfs was named Henry. He didn't know it then, but he would succeed and go on to be appointed the Sheriff of Nottingham. A good, fine, strong and brave

man, admired by his peers and trusted by noblemen. Forget what the legends you know say about Henry, Sheriff of Nottingham. See more of Story Wars written by the victors.

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